THE LOVE OF THE PRINCE OF GLOTTENBERG.

BY ANTHONY HOPE. Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

(Copyright, 1895, by A. H. Hawkins.) It was in the spring of the year that Ludwig, Prince of Glottenberg, came court-ing the Princess Osra; for his father had sought the most beautiful lady of a royal house in Europe, and had found none to equal Osra. Therefore, the prince came to Strelsau with a great retinue and was lodged in the White Palace which stood or the outskirts of the city, where the public gardens now are (for the palace itself was acked and burned by the people in the rising of 1848). Here Ludwig stayed many days, coming every day to the king's palace to pay his respects to the king and queen and to make his court to the princess. King Rudolf had received him with the utmost Rudolf had received him with the utmost friendship and was, for reasons of state then of great moment, but now of vanished interest, as eager for the match as was the King of Glottenberg himself, and he grew very impatient with his sister when she hesitated to accept Ludwig's hand, alleging that she feit for him no more than a kindly esteem and, what was as much to the purpose, that he felt no more for her. For although the prince possessed most courteous pcse, that he felt no more for her. For although the prince possessed most courteous and winning manners and was very accomplished both in learning and in exercises, yet he was a grave and pensive young man, rather stately than jovial, and seemed in the princess' eyes (accustomed as they were to catch and check ardent glances) to perform his wooing more as a duty of his station than on the impulse of any passion. Finding in herself also no such sweet ashamed emotions as had before now crossed her heart on account of lesser men, she grew grave and troubled; and she said to the grave and troubled; and she said to the king: "Brother, is this love? For I had as leave

he were away as here, and when he is here, and kisses my hand as though it were a statue's hand; ard—and I feel as though it were. They say you know what love is. Is this love?"

"There are many forms of love," smiled the king. "This is such love as a prince and a princess may most properly feel." "I do not call it love at all," said Osra

with a pout.

When Prince Ludwig came next day to see her and told her, with grave courtesy, that his pleasure lay in doing her will, she 'I had rather it lay in watching my face,'

and then ashamed she turned away

and then asnamed she turned away from him.

He seemed grieved and hurt at her words; and it was with a sigh that he said: "My life shall be given to giving you joy."

She turned round on him with flushed cheek and trembling lips.

"Yes, but I had rather it were spent in getting joy from me."

He cast down his eyes for a moment and then, taking her hand, kissed it, but she drew it away sharply, and so that after-icon they parted, he back to his palace, she to her chamber, where she sat, asking again, "Is this love?" and crying, "He does not know love," and pausing now and again, before her mirror, to ask her pictured face why it would not unlock the door of love.

his deep affection and respect." "Affection and respect!" murmured Osra, with a little toss of her head. "Oh, that I had not been born a princess!" And yet, though she did not love him, she thought him a very noble gentleman and trusted to his honor and sincerity in everything. Therefore, when he still persisted and Rudolf and the queen urged her, telling her (the king mockingly, the queen with a touch of sadness) that she must not look to find in this world such love as romantic girls dreamt of, at last she yielded, and she told her brother that she would marry Prince Ludwig, yet for a little while she

she told her brother that she would marry Prince Ludwig, yet for a little while she would not have the news proclaimed. So Rudolf went, alone and privately, to the White Palace and said to Ludwig:
"Cousin, you have won the fairest lady in the world. Behold, her brother says it!" Prince Ludwig bowed low, and, taking the king's hand, pressed it, thanking him for his help and approval, and expressing immself as most grateful for the boon of himself as most grateful for the boon of the princess favor.

the princess favor.

"And will you not come with me and find her?" cried the king with a merry look.

"I have urgent business now," answered Ludwg. "Beg the princess to forgive me. This afternoon I will crave the honor of waiting on her with my humble gratfude."

King Rudolf looked at him, a smile curling on his lips, and he said, in one of his custs of impatience:

"By heaven, is there another man in the world who would talk of gratitude, and business, and the afternoon, when Osra of Strelsau sat waiting for him?"
"I mean no discourtesy," protested Ludwig, taking the king's arm and glancing at him with most friendly eyes. "Indeed, dear friend, I am rejoiced and honored. But this business of mine will not wait."

So the king frownling, and grumbling But this business of mine will not wait."

So the king, frowning, and grumbling and laughing, went back alone and told the princess that the happy wooer was most grateful and would come after his business was transacted, that afternoon. But Osra, having given her hand, would now admit no fault in the man she had chosen and thanked the king for the message with great dignity. Then the king came to her, and, sitting down by her, stroked hir hair, saying softly:

"You have had many lovers, sister Osra—and now tomes a husband."

"Yes, now a husband." she murmured, catching swiftly at his hand, and her voice was half caught in a sudden sob.

"So goes the world—our world," said the king, knitting his brows and seeming to fall for a moment into a sad reverie.

fall for a moment into a sad reverie.
"I am frightened," she whispered. "Should
I be frightened if I loved him?"

I be frightened if I loved him?"

"I have been told so," said the king, smiling again. "But the fear has a way of being mastered then." And he drew her to him and gave her a hearty brother's kiss, telling her to take heart. "You'll thaw the fellow out," said the king, "though I grant you he is icy enough." For the king himself had been by no neans what he called an icy man.

But Osra was not satisfied and sought to

For the king himself bad been by no neans what he called an icy man.

But Osra was not satisfied and sought to assuage the pain of her heart, by adorning herself most carefully for the prince's coming, heping to fire him to love. For she thought that if he loved she might, although since he did not she could not. And were false! Thus she came to receive him very magnificently arrayed. There was a lush on her cheek, and an uncertain, extectant, fearful look in her eyes, and thus he stood before him, as he fell on his nee and kissed her hand. Then he rose, and declared his thanks and promised his itevotion; but as he spoke, the flush faded and the light died from her eyes; and when at last he drew near to her and offered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face pale and cold as she suffered to kiss her cheek, her eyes were dead and her face and seemed not to know how word it was and so a fiter more talk of his t but once, and seemed not to know how old it was; and so, after more talk of his (ather's pleasure and his pride he took his dather's pleasure and his pride he took his leave, promising to come again the next day. She ran to the window when the door was closed on him, and thence watched him mount his horse and ride away slowly, with his head bent and his eyes downcast with his head bent and his eyes downcast, yet he was a noble gentleman, stately and handsome, kind and true. The tears came sudderly into her eyes and blurred her sight as she leaned watching from behind the hanging curtains of the window. Though she dashed them angrily away, the watcher and ran down her nele

an engagement that his notor would not let him break; for nothing short of that, said he, should have kept him from her side; there followed some lover's phrases, scantily worded and frigid in an assumed passion. But Osra smiled graciously, and sent back a message, readily accepting all that the prince urged in average, and should be a supplementation of the state of said he, should have kept him from her side; there followed some lover's phrases, scantily worded and frigid in an assumed passion. But Osra smiled gracelously, and sent back a message, readily accepting all that the prince urged in excuse; and she told what had passed to the king, with her back his her back a message to the king, with her back his her back a message to the king, with her back his her back a message to the king, with her back his her back a message to the king, with her back his her back and a message to the king with her back and a message to the king with her back and a message to the king with her back and a message to the king with her back and a message to the king with her back and a message to the king with her back and a message to the king with her back and a message to the king with a matter is too great for you, sir," said the bishop. "It is a quarrel of princes. Stand astice," and before the chamberlain could make up his mind what to do Osra and the bishop. "It is a quarrel of princes. Stand astice," and before the chamberlain could make up his mind what to do Osra and the bishop. "It is a quarrel of princes." head high in the air and a careless haughtiness, so that even the king did not rally
her, nor yet venture to comfort her,
but urged her to spend the day in
riding with the queen and him; for they head high in the air and a careless haugh-

were setting out for Zenda, where the king was to hunt in the forest, and she could ride some part of the way with them, and return in the evening. And she, wishing that she had sent first to the prince, to bid him not come, agreed to go with her brother; it was better far to go, than to wait at home for a lover who would not come.

Thus the next morning they rode out, the king and queen with their retinue, the princess attended by one of her guard, named Christian Hantz, who was greatly attached to her, and most jealous in praise and admiration of her. This fellow had taken on himself to be very angry with Prince Ludwig's coldness, but dared say nothing of it; yet, impelled by his anger, he had set himself to watch the prince very closely, and thus he had, as he conceived, discovered something that brought a twinkle into his eye and a triumphant smile to his lips, as he rode behind the princess. Some fifteen miles she accompanied him and her brother, and then, turning with Christian, took another road back to the city. Alone she rode, her mind full of sad thoughts, while Christian, behind, still wore his mallicious smile. But presently, although she had not commanded him, he quickened his pace and came up to her side, relying on the favor which she always showed him for excuse.

"Well, Christian," said she, "have you something to say to me?"

she always showed him for excuse.

"Well, Christian," said she, "have you something to say to me?"

For answer he pointed to a small house that stood among the trees, some way from the road, and he said:

"If I were Ludwig and not Christian, yet I would be here where Christian is, and not there, where Ludwig is," and he pointed still at the house.

She faced around on him in anger at his daring to speak to her of the prince, but he was a bold fellow and would not be sileneed now that he had begun to speak; he knew also that she would bear much from him. So he leaned over toward her, saying: ward her, saying:

ward her, saying:
"By your bounty, madam, I have money, and he who has money can get knowledge. So that I know that the prince is there. For \$50 I gained a servant of his and he told me."

"I do not know why you should spy on the prince," said Osra, "and I do not care to know where the prince is," and she touched her horse with the spur and he touched her horse with the spur and he cantered fast forward, leaving the little house behind. But Christian persisted, partly in a foolish grudge against any man who should win what was above his reach, partly in an honest anger that she, whom he worshiped, should be treated lightly by another; and he forced her to hear what he had learned from the gossip of the prince's groom, telling it to her in hints and half-spoken sentences, yet so plainly that she could not miss the drift of it. She rode the faster toward Strelsau, at first answering nothing; but at last she turned upon him flercely, saying that he told a lie, and that she knew it was a lie since she knew where the prince was and told a lie, and that she knew it was a lie since she knew where the prince was and what business had taken him away, and she commanded Christian to be silent and to speak neither to her nor to any one clse of his false suspicions; and she bade him very harshly to fall back and ride behind her again, which he did, sulien, yet satisfied. For he knew that his arrow had gone home. On she rode, with her cheeks aflame and her heart beating, until she came to Strelsau, and having arrived at the palace, ran to her own bed room and flung herself on the bed.

"Yes, but I had rather it were spent in getting joy from me."

He cast down his eyes for a moment and then, taking her hand, kissed it, but she drew it away sharply, and so that afternoon they parted, he back to his palace, she to her chamber, where she sat, asking again, "Is this love," and crying, "He does not know love," and pausing now and again, before her mirror, to ask her pictured face why it would not unlock the door of love.

On another day she would be merry, or feign merriment, rallying him on his somber air and formal compliments, professing that for her part she soon grew weary of such wooing, and loved to be easy and merry, for thus she hoped to sting him, so that he would either disclose more warmth or forsake altogether his pursuits. But he made many apologies, blaming nature that had made him grave, but assuring her of his deep affection and respect.

"Affection and respect." murmured Osra, with a little toss of her head. "Oh, that I had not been born a princess!" And yet, though she did not love him, she thought him a very noble gentleman and trusted to h's honor and sincerity in everything. Therefore, when he still persisted and Rudolf and the queen with a little tos government and the palace, ran to her own bed room and find merself on the bed.

Here for an hour she lay; then, it being beaute for an hour she lay; then, it being beaute for an hour she lay; then, it being beaute for an hour she lay; then, it being beaute for an hour she lay; then, it being beaute for an hour she lay; then, it being beaute for an hour she lay; then, it being beaute for an hour she lay; then, it being aleae, ran to her own bed room hour she lay; then, it being aleae, ran to her own he bed.

Here for an hour she lay; then, it being aleae, ran to her own bed room and findered hair back from her hot, aching brow. For an agony of humiliation came beaute for an hour she discove, where she sat, asking and us to \$\$Clock, she sat up, pushing her disordered hair back from her hot, aching ther back from her hot, aching h

ing:
"He is a gentleman and my friend. He
will go with me." And she sent hastly
for the bishop of Modenstein, who was then
in Strelsau, bidding him come dressed for riding, and with a sword, and the best riding, and with a sword, and the best horse in his stables. And the bishop came equipped as she bade him and in very great wonder. But when she told him what she wanted and what 'Christian had made known to her, he grew grave, saying that they must wait and consult the king, when he returned.

"I will not wait an hour," she cried. "I cannot wait on hour," she cried. "I

cannot walt an hour."
"Then I will ride and bring you word. "Then I will ride and bring you word.
You must not go," he urged.
"Nay, if I go alone I will go," said she.
"Yes, I will go, and myself fling his falseness in his teeth."
Finding her thus resolved, the bishop knew that he could not turn her, so, leaving her to prepare herself, he sought Christian Hantz and charged him to bring Christian Hantz and charged him to bring three horses to the most private gate of the palace, that opened in a little by street. Here Christian waited for them with the horses, and they came presently, the bishop wearing a great slouched hat the bishop wearing a great slouched hat and swaggering like a roystering trooper, while Osra was closely veiled. The bishop again imposed secrecy on Christian, and then, they both being mounted, said to Osra, "If you will, then, madam, come," and thus they rode secretly out of the city, about 7 o'clock in the evening, the gate-wardens opening the gate at sight of the royal arms on Osra's ring, which she gave

to the bishop, in order that he might show it.

In silence they rode a long way, going at a great speed; Osra's face was set and rigid, for she felt now no shame at herself for going, nor any fear of what she might find, but the injury to her pride swallowed every other feeling; and at last she said in short, sharp words, to the bishop of Modenstein, having suddenly thrown the

royal arms on Osra's ring, which she gave

well back from her face:

"He shall not live if it prove true."

The bishop shook his head. His profession was peace; yet his blood also was hot against the man who had put a slight on

Princess Osra.
"The king must know of it," he said. "The king! The king is not here tonight," said Osra; and she pricked her horse and set him at a gallop. The moon, breaking suddenly in brightness from behind a cloud, showed the bishop her face. Then she put out her hand and caught him by the arm, whisnering: "Are you my friend?" whispering: "Are you my friend?"
"Yes, madam," said he. She knew well

"Yes, madam," said he. She knew well that he was her friend.
"Kill him for me, then; kill him for me."
"I cannot kill him," said the bishop. "I pray God it may prove untrue."
"You are not my friend if you will not kill him," said Osra; and she turned her face away and rode yet more quickly.
At last they came in sight of the little house that stood back from the road; and there was a light in one of the unverter.

avenue of trees that led to the house. Here, having dismounted and tied their horses to the gate post, they stood an in-stant, and Osra again velled her face. "Let me go alone, madam," he implored. "Give me your sword and I will go alone,"

she answered.
"Here then is the path," said the bishop, and he led the way by the moonlight that broke fitfully here and there through the

"He swore that all his life should be mine," she whispered. "Yet I knew that he did not love me."

The bishop made her no answer; she look-

Though she dashed them angrily away, they came again and ran down her pale, cold cheeks, mourning the golden vision that seemed gone without fulfillment.

That evening there came a gentleman from the Prince of Glottenberg, carrying most humble excuses from his master, who (so he said) was prevented from waiting on the princess the next day by a very urgent affair that took him from Strelsau, and would keep him absent from the city all day long; and the gentleman delivered to Osra a letter from the prince, full of graceful and profound apologies, and pleading an engagement that his honor would not let him break; for nothing short of that, said he, should have kept him from her Osra and at the bishop, and half drew his

lowed her.

princess, but she motioned him back, and walked swiftly to the stairs. In silent speed they mounted, till they had reached the top of the first stage; and facing them, eight or ten steps further up, was a door. By the door stood a groom; this was the man who had treacherously told Christian of his master's doings; but when he saw suddenly what had come of his disloyal chattering, the fellow went white as a ghost, and came tottering in stealthy silence down the stairs, his finger on his lips. Neither of them spoke to him, nor he to them. They gave no thought to him; lips. Neither of them spoke to him, nor he to them. They gave no thought to him; his only thought was to escape as soon as he might; so he passed them, and, going on, passed also the chamberlain, who stood dazed at the house door, and so disappeared, intent on saving the life that he had justly forfeited. Thus the rogue vanished, and what became of him no one thank or covered. He chevred his foce re-

isned, and what became of him no one knew or cared. He showed his face no more at Glottenberg or Strelsau.

"Hark, there are voices," whispered Osra to the bishop, raising her hand above her head, as they two stood motionless.

The voices came from the door that faced them—the voice of a man and the voice of a woman Osra's glance at her companion a woman. Osra's glance at her companion told him that she knew as well as he whose the man's voice was.
"It is true, then," she breathed from between her teeth. "My God, it is true."

The woman's voice spoke now, but the words were not audible. Then came the prince's, "Forever, in life or death, apart or together, forever." But the woman's answer came no more in words, but in deep, low, passionate sobs, that struck their ears like the distant cry of some brute creature in pain that it cannot understand. Yet Osra's face was storn and

answer came no more in words, but in deep, low, passionate sols, that struck their ears like the distant cry of some brute creature in pain that it cannot understand. Yet Osra's face was stern and core that the standard of the standard of

shock has killed her. Indeed, I think she was half dead for grief before we came."
"Who is she?" broke again from Osra's

ilps.
"Come and hear," and she followed him obediently, yet unwillingly, to the couch and looked down at the lady. The lady looked at her with wondering eyes and then she smiled faintly, pressing the prince's

she smiled faintly, pressing the prince's hand and whispering:

"Yet she is so beautiful," and she seemed now wonderfully happy, so that they three all watched her, and were envious, although they were to live and she to die.

"Now, God, pardon her sin!" said the Princess Osra suddenly, and she fell on her knees beside the couch, crying, "Surely God has pardoned her!"
"Sin she had none save what clings even

"Sin she had none, save what clings even to the purest in this world," said the bish-op. "For what she has said to me I know

Osra answered nothing, but gazed in questioning at the prince, and he, still holding the lady's hand, began to speak in a gentle

"Do not ask her name, madam. But from the first hour that we knew the meaning of love, we have loved one another. And the issue rested in my hands, I would have thrown to the winds all that kept me from her. I remember when first I met her—ah, my sweet, do you remember? And from that day to this in soul she has been mine, and I hers in all my life. But more could not be. Madam, you have asked what love is. Here is love. Yet fate is stronger. Thus I came here to woo, and she, left alone, resolved to give herself to God."

"How comes she here then?" whispered Osra, and she laid one hand timidly on the "Do not ask her name, madam. But

Osra heard him, half in a trance, and as if she did not hear; she did not know



SHE MOVED HER HAND NEAR TO THE LADY'S HAND,

"Who is this woman, sir? Or is she one whither he went nor what he did, nor any The prince sprang forward, a sudden anger in his eyes; he raised his hand as if he would have pressed it across her scornful mouth, and kept back her bitter words. But she did not flinch; and, pointng at him with her finger, she cried to the

ing at him with her finger, she cried to the bishop in a ringing voice:

"Kill him, my lord, kill him."

And the sword of the bishop of Modenstein was half way out of the scabbard.

"I would to God, my lord," said the prince, in low, sad tones, "that God would suffer you to kill me and me to take death at your hands. But neither for you nor for me is the blow lawful. Let me speak to the princess."

The bishop still grasped his sword; for Osra's face and hand still commanded him.

Osra's face and hand still commanded him. But at the instant of his hesitation, while But at the instant of his hesitation, while the temptation was hot in him, there came from the couch where the lady lay a low moan of great pain. She flung her arms cut and turned, groaning, again on her back, and her head lay limply over the side of the couch. The bishop's eyes met Ludvig's; and with a "God forgive me!" he let the sword slip back, and, springing across the room, fell on his knees beside the couch. He broke the gold chain round his neck and grasped the crucifix which it carried in one hand, while with the other he raised the lady's head, praying her to open her eyes, before whose closed lids he held the sacred image; and he, who had come so near to great sin, now prayed soft-ly but fervently for her life and God's pity on her; for the frailty her slight form showed could not withstand the shock of

'Who is she?" asked the princess. "Who is she?" asked the princess.
But Ludwig's eyes had wandered back
to the couch, and he answered only:
"My God, it will kill her."
"I care not," said Osra. But then came

another low moan. "I care not," said the princess again. "Ah, she is in great suffer-ing! And her eyes followed the prince's. There was silence, save for the lady's lov moans and the whispered prayers of the bishop of Modenstein. But the lady opened her eyes, and in an instant, answering the summons, the prince was by her side, kneeling and holding her hand very tender-ly; and he met a glance from the bishop across her prostrate body. The prince bowed his head and one sob burst from

"Leave me alone with her for a little sir," said the bishop, and the prince, obeying, rose and withdrew into the bay of the window, while Osra stood alone near the door by which she had entered.

A few minutes passed, then Osra saw the prince return to where the lady was and kneel again beside her; and she saw that the bishop was preparing to perform his most sacred and sublime office; the lady's most sacred and subline once, the lady's eyes dwelt on him now in peace and restfulness, and held Prince Ludwig's hand in her small hand. But Osra would not kneel; she stood upright, still and cold, as though she neither saw nor heard anything of what passed; she would not pity nor forcing the same over it as they seemed. what passed, she would not pity into hot-give the woman, even if, as they seemed to think, she lay dying. But she spoke once, asking in a harsh voice: "Is there no physician in the house or near?"
"None, madam." said the prince.

The bishop began the office, and Osra stood, dimly hearing the words of comfort, peace and hope, dimly seeing the smile on the lady's face; for gradually her eyes clouded with tears. Now her ears seemed to hear nothing save the sad and piteous sobs that had shaken the girl as she hung about Ludwigs neek. But she strove to drive Ludwig's neck. But she strove to drive away her softer thoughts, fanning her fury away her softer thoughts, tanning her tury when it burned low and telling herself again of the insult that she had suffered. Thus she rested till the bishop had performed the office. But when he had finished it, he rose from his knees and came to

where Osra was.

whither he went for what he did, nor anything that passed, until, as it seemed, after a long while, she looked up and saw Prince Ludwig standing before her. He was composed and calm; but it seemed as if half the life had gone out of his face. Osra rose slowly to her feet, supporting herself on an arm of the cheir on which she had sat, and, when she had seen his face, she suddenly when she had seen his face, she suddenly threw herself on the floor at his feet, cry threw herself on the floor at his feet, cryling: "Forgive me!" Forgive me!"

"The guilt is mine," said he; "for I did not trust you, and did by stealth what your nobility would have suffered openly. The guilt is mine." And he offered to raise her, but she rose unaided, asking, with choking "Is she dead?"

"She is dead," said the prince, and, Osra, hearing it, covered her face with her hands and blindly groped her way back to the chair, where she sat, panting and exhausted.

"To her I have said fareweil, and now, madam, to you. Yet do not think that I am a man without eyes for your beauty, or a heart to know your worth. I seemed to you a fool and a churl. I grieved most bitterly, and I wronged you bitterly. My excuse for all is now known. For, though you are more beautiful than she, yet true love is no wanderer; it gives a beauty that it does not find and weaves a chain no other charms can break. Madam, farewell!" "She is dead," said the prince, and, Osra harms can break. Madam, farewell!" She looked at him, and saw the She looked at him, and saw the sad joy in his eyes, an exultation over what had been that what was could not destroy, and she knew that the vision was still with him, though his love was dead. Suddenly he seemed to her a man she also might love, and for whom she also, if need be, might gladly die. Yet not because she loved him, for she was asking still in wonder, "What is this love?"

is this love?"
"Madam, farewell," said he again, and, kneeling before her, he kissed her hand.
"I carry the body of my love," he went on, "back with me to my home, there to mourn for her; and I shall come no more to

Osra bent her eyes on his face as he knelt

Osra bent her eyes on his face as he knelt, and presently she said to him, in a whisper that was low for awe, not shame:
"You heard what she bade me do?"
"Yes, madam; I know her wish."
"And you would do it?" she asked.
"Madam, my struggle was fought before she died. But new you know that my love was not yours." was not yours."
"That also I knew before, sir." and

"That also I knew before, sir," and a slight bitter smile came on her face. But she grew grave again and sat there, seeming to be pondering, and Prince Ludwig waited on his knew. Then she suddenly leant forward and said:
"If I loved I would wait for you to love. Now what is the love that I cannot feel."
And then she sat again silent, but at last raised her eyes again to his, saying in a voice that even in the stillness of the room he hardly heard.

room he hardly heard.
"Now, I do dearly love you, for I have "Now, I do dearly love you, for I have seen your love and know that you can love; and I think that love must breed love, so that she who loves must in God's time be loved. Yet—" She paused here and for a moment hid her face with her hand. "Yet I cannot," she went on. "Is it our Lord Christ who bids us take the lower place? I cannot take it. He does not so reign in my heart. For to my proud heart—ah, my heart so proud!—she would be ever between us; I could not bear it; even though she is dead, I could not bear it. Yet I believe now that with you I might one day find happiness."

The prince though in that hour he could

happiness."

The prince though in that hour he could not think of love, was yet very much moved by her tenderness, and felt that what had passed rather drew them together than made any separation between them. And it seemed to him that the dead lady's blessing was on his suit, so he said: "Madam, I would most faithfully serve you and you would be the nearest and dearest to me of all living women."

She had waited awhile; then she sighed heavily, and looked in his face with an heavily, and looked in his face with an air of wistful longing and she knit her brow as though she were puzzled. But at last, shaking her head, she said:
"It is not enough."

And with this she rose and took him by

And with this she rose and took him by the hand, and the two went back together to where the bishop of Modenstein still prayed beside the body of the lady.

Osra stood on one side of the body and stretched her hand out to the prince, who stood on the other side.

"See," said she. "She must be between us." And having kissed the dead face once, she left the prince there by the side of his love, and herself went out, and, turning her head, saw that the prince knelt again by the corpse of his love.

"He does not think of me," she said to the bishop.

"His thoughts are still with her, madam," he answered.

he answered he answered.

It was late night now, and they rode swiftly and silently along the road to Strelsau. And on all the way they spoke to one another only a few words, being both sunk deep in thought. But once Osra spoke,

sunk deep in thought. But once Osra spoke, as they were already near to Strelsau. For she turned suddenly to the bishop, saying: "My lord, what is it? Do you know it?" "Yes, madam, I have known it," answered the bishop.

"Yet you are a churchman!"

"True, madam," said he, and he smiled sadly.

sadly.
She seemed to consider, fixing her eyes

sne seemed to consider, nxing ner eyes on his; but he turned his aside.
"Could you not make me understand?" she asked.
"Your lover, when he comes, will do that madam," said he, and still he kept his eyes turned away; yet presently a faint smile curved her lips and she said:
"It may be you might feel it if you were curved her lips and she said:
"It may be you might feel it if you were not a churchman. But I do not. Many men have said they loved me, and I have felt something in my heart—but not this!"
"It will come," said the bishop.
"Does it then come to every one?"
"To most," he auswered.
"Heigho, will it ever come to me?" she signed.

sighed.

And so they were at home. And Osra was for a long time very sorrowful for the fate of the lady whom the Prince of Glottenberg had leved, but since she saw Ludwig no more, and the joy of youth conquered her sadners, she ceased to mourn, and as she walked along she would wonder more and mere what it might be, this great love that she did not feel.

"For none will tell me, not even the bishop of Modenstein," said she.

(The end.)

A TRICK IN VIOLINS.

A Little Comedy Played by a Musician, a Connoisseur and a Pawnbroker. From the New York World.

He was evidently a musician, and carried a violin in a black silesia bag. The Bowery pawnbroker, as he saw him enter, said to himself: "Ah, here's a poor devil of a player, forced to pledge the only thing that gives him a livelihood, poor though it

"Let me have \$2.50 on this, please," said the man, regretfully, as he carefully drew the violin out of its covering. "I just want enough to tide me over a day or so, until enough to tide me over a day or so, until I get a remittance. Unless I knew I could redeem it at once, I would never trust it out of my hands, for it is not only my sole means of existence, but, as you will observe, it is a very valuable instrument."

The pawnbroker handed out the money, and almost regretted that the loan was so small. As he was going out, the man turned back and said: "By the way, I wish you would not put this violin aside with a lot of odds and ends. It is too valuable to take any risk with. Besides, I will surely be back in a day or so."

A few days later an elderly man came in and asked to see some opera glasses.

A few days later an elderly man came in and asked to see some opera glasses. As he was looking over the stock his eye lighted on the violin, hanging on the wall. "Let me see that instrument, if you please," he said. He looked at it critically, and then a delighted expression overspread his face.

"Just what I have been seeking for years!" he exclaimed, making no attempt to conceal his enthusiasge. "You see, I am a connoisseur, one of the virtuosi, as the newspapers love to term us old fellows. I need this violin in my collection, and I'll give you \$40 for it." Mine Uncle only shook his head.

"Well, I'll make it \$50."

"Well, I'll make it \$50."
"It isn't for sale," replied the pawn "Say seventy-five, then." By this time the pawnbroker was deeply interested. He explained how the violin came into his pos-

"If you'll drop in again in a day or so I'll probably have seen the owner, and perhaps we may be able to negotiate a deal."

"I hope so," returned the enthusiast,
"As you will have some trouble in the
matter, I'll raise my offer to an even hundred. I must have that violin." As soon as he was gone the pawnbroker hurried around to see the musician. The man lived in a poorly furnished room, evidently in great poverty.
"What! Sell my dear violin?" he exclaimed, indignantly. No! a thousand times no. I'd rather starve first."
"Look here my men" said the pawn. "Look here, my man," said the pawn-broker: "I know just how you feel about

it, but after all it's merely a question of sentiment. A cheaper instrument will do you in your business. I'll give you \$50 for that violin." The man hesitated a long while. Tears came into his eyes and his long, pale fingers trembled as he told the story of his struggle with poverty, but he took the

money.

A week bassed and the wealthy connoisseur had not put in an appearance, Mine Uncle began to grow nervous. He took the violin down from the nail and carried t uptown to show to an excert "I can't give you the exact market value of it," said the violin sharp, after a hasty glance. "You see I don't handle this quality of goods, but violins of this kind are worth about \$15 a dozen."

Vouched for the Janitor.

From the New York Weekly, Lady-"Where is the agent for the flats? Man at door-"I can rent the flats, mum.

"Are the rents reasonable?" "Yes, mum." "What sort of a janitor have you?" "A very good one, mum."
"Is he polite and attentive?"

"Yes, mum."
"Honest?" 'Yes, mum." "Doesn't he ever steal from the market baskets of the tenants?"

"Never, mum."
"He's a good, Christian man, is he?" "Yes, mum. A politer, more attentive, nonester or more Christian man never lived, "I am delighted to hear that. Where is he "I'm him, mum."

Game in Vermont. From the Boston Herald.

Game in general is reported to be un commonly plentiful in Vermont. The conditions for the growth of young birds have been more than usually favorable, and they are said to be large and plump for this season of the year. The game upon which Vermont sportsmen chiefly rely are partridge and woodcock. Reports from all sections of the state indicate that partridges are plentiful. The protected deer are multiplying rapidly in the state, and are seen in almost every town, and often-times herding with the farmers' cattle, and even coming home with the cows at night. These are petted when they will permit it, and many have become quite tame.

A Crushing Revenge.

From Spare Moments. A man with a painful expression of coun tenance sat on a goods box. "Are you ill?" some one asked.

"Have you lost anything?"
"Never had anything to lose."
"What's the matter, then?"

"I'm sittin' on a wasp."
"Why don't you get up?"
"Well, that wuz my first impulse, but i
got to thinkin' that I was hurtin' the wasp as badly as he was hurtin' me, and concluded to sit here awhile."



Out for a day's sport.-Harper's Bazar.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

A MORAVIAN TOWN

Many of the Quaint Customs of Former Time Retained.

WITHIN FIVE HOURS' RIDE OF THIS CITY

Pretzels Are Baked There and Sent Over the Country.

BUSINESS AND RELIGION

LITITZ, Lancaster County, Pa.,

October 2, 1895. THERE IS IN THIS quaint little Pennsylvania Dutch vania Dutch town, within five hours' ride by rail of the nation's capital, a community of people who are just as unique, just as ancient and just as foreign to this country, both in language and idlosyncrasies, as were their forefath-

ers who preceded them here from the fatherland more than a century ago. The community of which I speak is that of the Moravian Brethren, a religious sect, who settled this place about the middle of the eighteenth century, and the cause of the exceptional condition remarked upon is that until a comparatively recent date the Moravians would not consent to part

with any of their large real estate holdings to outsiders, or to other than Moravians

like themselves, thus preserving undisturbed and uncorrupted by contact with the outer world a little clan or clique of their Through the perseverance and pressure. however, of the prosperous neighboring farmers, many of whom have since embraced the Moravian faith, a wedge was finally ariven into this smart little community of exclusives, with the result that of the 1,200 souls which the town now contains about

one-third of the number is made up from the

families of these farmers.

An Ancient Sect. The history of the Moravians may be said to date from the year 1457, although, as a matter of fact, the United Brethren (Unitas Fratrum), as they are sometimes called, had their actual origin in the religious movements in Bohemia which followed the martyrdom of John Huss by the council of Constance. Lititz was christened in 1756 by Count Zinzendorf, and is the name of an ancient town in Bohemia, where, in 1456, the persecuted Moravians found refuge. What practically led, however, to the founding of the unity in Lititz was the vision of the Lord which George Klein, the Luther an leader, claimed had appeared to him on the night he refused to attend the meeting held by Count Zinzendorf in Warwick. According to Klein's version, he received evicording to Klein's version, he received evi-dence in the vision of the Lord's displeasure



loraries, and was so deeply impressed by it that he followed the count to Lancaster and,

that he followed the count to Lancaster and, upon hearing him preach in the court house there, at once became converted to the Moravian faith.

The first place of Moravian worship here was built by him in 1744. A portion of the structure, which was composed of logs, still stands. His subsequent donations in behalf of the unity were made in 1754, and consisted of the 600 acres upon which the town proper is laid out, and an additional place of worship—a two-story stone building.

The unity embraces three provinces—Germany, England and America. Each province has its own government by synod and

ince has its own government by synod and provincial elders' conferences. The minisprovincial elders' conferences. The ministers are bishops, presbyters and deacons. It has no formal creed, but its doctrine, as found in the catechism, Easter morning Litany and Synodal Results, embraces, among other things, the belief in the total depravity of human nature, the love of God the Father, the doctrine of the Holy Ghost, the second coming of the Lord in glory and the resurrection of the dead into life or unto condemnation. The worship is liturgical, and in many respects identical with that of the Episcopal Church. The litany of both churches is the same, word for word.

Feet Washing Ceremony. The feet washing and use of the "lot" in the election of ministers and in marriages, once prominent features of the sect, have fallen into disuse. The use of the lot was the peculiar privilege or authority, among various others, that the elders had of deciding upon the especial minister who was to look after the spiritual welfare of the brethren, and the exceptional and extraordinary prerogative which they arrogated to themselves of selecting from the sisters the helpmate who was to share the wordly comforts and cases of the brother. The custom of placing the brethren on one side of the church and the sisters on the other has also been abolished. The love feasts are, however, still kept up. Toward the end of the service, which lasts about an hour, and consists, for the most part, in the chanting of various hymns by the choir and congregation, girls just budding into womanhood make their appearance, bearing in their arms baskets filled to overflowing with sweet buns an inch thick and about as large round as a saucer. Mugs of coffee are also handed about.

Curious Burial Custom. rious others, that the elders had of deciding

Curious Burial Custom.

In the cld portion of the Moravian bury ing ground, whose moss-laden, century-stained tombs date back as far as the year 1758, the now obsolete Moravian custom of burial seems to have been rigidly adhered to. There the departed married brethren to. There the departed married brethren and sisters, each sex by itself, lie buried in one portion of the cemetery; the unmarried brothers and sisters in another; the widows and widowers in two other separate sections, and the children, those under twelve years of age, by themselves, and those over twelve, the girls in one place, the boys in another. Thus the members of a single family may be found buried in half a dozen different places in the cemetery. There are no tombstones proper, but over each grave is placed a flat stone or marble slab engraved with the name, time of birth, date rrayed with the name, time of birth, date graved with the name, time of birth, date of death and the age of the person buried. The slabs are numbered as members die, and for adults are larger in size than those provided for children. In the new or extended portion of the cemetery this curious custom has not been followed.

In a field near by 100 of General Washington's scidiers he buried. They died of camp fever, contracted during his occu-

pation of the town in 1778 as a hospital for the sick and wounded.

John A. Sutter, the pioneer discoverer of the precious metal in California, who for years was a familiar figure on the streets of Washington, lies burled here. As a mark of respect and in token of the high esteem in which he was held here, where he lived from 1871 to the time just prior to his death in Washington in 1881, his grave has been given the post of honor in a secluded corner of the old burial ground, and the siab over his mound is by far the largest and most imposing of all. He expired just after the defeat of the last of the many herculean efforts he had made to induce Congress to pass a bill having for its object the establishment of his claim to the California property; the ignis fatuus which he faithfully, though hopelessly, pursued to the end, and which, while it impoverished him, brought riches and plenty to others. But such is the irony of fate.

In the Moravian religious observances children under the age of thirteen years have no official designation, but those beyond that age and not over eighteen are known as "great boys" and "great girls." The unmarried women are styled "single sisters" and formerly dwelt alone in what is known as the "Sisters' House," or "The Castle," which was built in 1758 and is now a part of Linden Hall Seminary. The unmarried brethren also lived together by themselves, as did the "widows" and "widowers."

Five Meals a Day.

When any of the brethren reaches his fiftieth year he has arrived at his "jubilee," as the very important event is called, and it is celebrated by the whole unity. As a result celebrations are very frequent, and come thick and fast in this little community, where they are continually feasting also, it being the usual custom to eat five meals a day. These meals are, in their order, the "6 o'clock" and "9 o'clock breakfast," noon "dinner;" afternoon "vespers," and 6 o'clock "supper."

Among some of the good and useful things that owe their American introduction to Lititz are hats braided from straw, augers and organs, which were first manufactured here, and pretzels, which are baked here and shipped to all parts of the country.

country.

And the ginger horsecake of our childhood And the ginger horsecake of our childhood days owes its origin, also, it is very likely, to the Moravian "Christmas cakes," which are ginger snaps formed and baked in the shape of animals and birds. These cakes are hung on the Christmas tree, and the attractive feature now universally indulged in of surrounding the base of the tree with a miniature landscape and placing toy houses and figures of people and animals thereon and inclosing the whole with a wooden fence was horrowed, no doubt, from the present "putz" of the Moravian children. This originally represented and still represents in the services of the church the infant Savior in a manger, with the siar of Bethlehem shining overhead and the shepherds scattered around in the distance hearkening to the glorious tidings of the angels.

angels. Believe in Education.

The brethren have always paid special atertion to education. Each province has a theological college and numerous boarding schools and seminaries. So when you meet a Moravian, you are not very likely to find him an uneducated man, but, instead, generally a person of scholarly attainments. Nor is it to be understood that, because they follow, with such religious care, their quaint, primitive customs, the Moravians are, in the ordinary sense, eccentric or peculiar. On the contrary, they are not only bread and liberal in mind, but polite and

bread and liberal in mind, but polite and finished in manners.

Before outsiders were admitted, the town was under the government of the church, which managed the business therein. Afterward individuals were permitted to engage in business on their own account, but a tithe or certain percentage of the profits were required to be turned over to the church. If, in the opinion of the elders, there was no room for profitable competition, no two persons were allowed to engage in the same business. The many instances of large individual wealth in Litita today are no doubt due to this wise though now obsolete provision.

today are no doubt due to this wise though now obsolete provision.

The next principal attraction of the town, after the buildings and grounds of the Unity, is its park. This is also owned and controlled by the brethren. Through its entire length, about one-third of a mile, runs a stream some twelve feet wide, which is as clear as crystal and cold as ice. In this stream, which is furnished by a large spring at one end of the park, are hundreds of brook trout that have become so tame as to allow you to feed them from the dreds of brook trout that have become so tame as to allow you to feed them from the hand. The water of this spring is limestone in character. I never saw a spring of so much force. The water boils and bubbles forth from a ledge of rocks in huge volumes. There is a smaller spring (slate) near. On either side of the stream throughout the park are lofty, graceful willows, several hundred years old, that form an immense canopy of foliage over the stream and the walks along its banks, which are provided with comfortable wooden benches.

A Story of Mystery.

Do you know what a "Story of Mystery" is? It is a continued story of which all but the last chapter is printed, and then guesses are made as to the solution, then the

installment is printed. On October seventh a most interesting mystery story, "When the War Was Over," will be started in The Star, and five hundred dollars will be given for the first absolutely correct solution. In case no guess is absolutely correct the amount will be divided among those nearest to a correct solution The guesses will be confined to women read-





Cannot take a hint.-Life.